The Sketch

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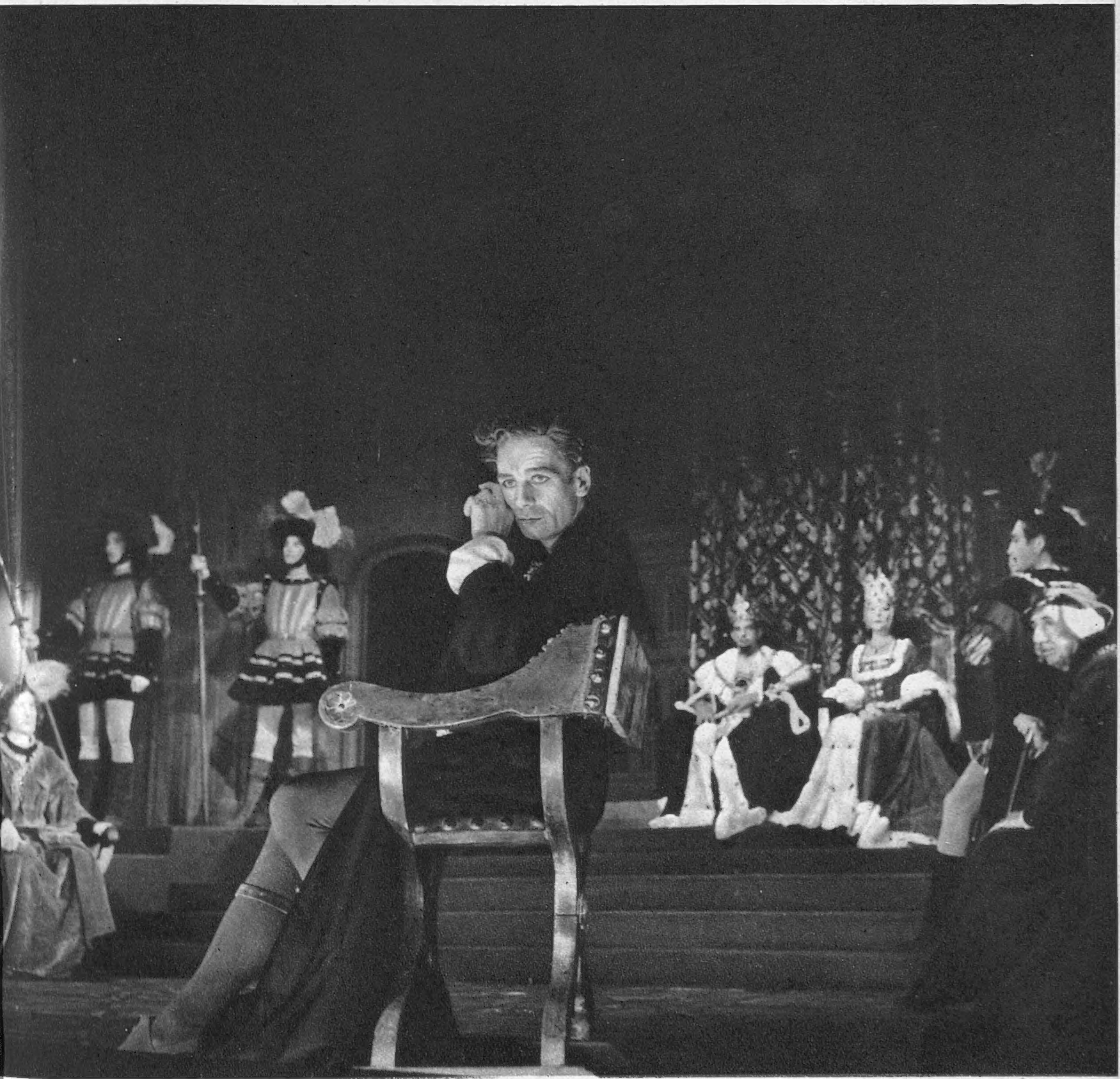


GIELGUD'S HAMLET.

To his new production of "Hamlet," at the Haymarket, JOHN GIELGUD *makes a fresh approach, exciting, considerably more mature, and bringing to the part a mind of restless brilliance. Here Claudius* (LESLIE BANKS) *is asking, "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?" Hamlet: "Not so, my lord, I am too much in the sun." Other photographs of the production appear on our double page.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

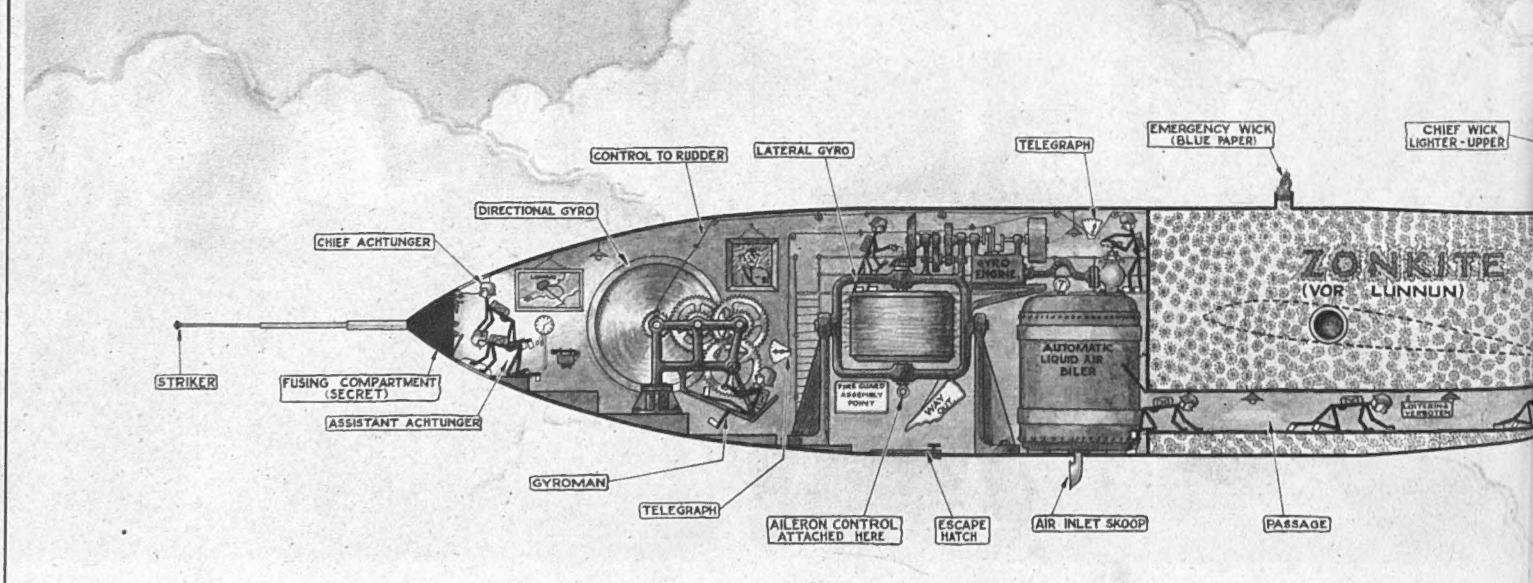
Life Sentence. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to smoke cigarettes on the sly! Little did I know—and little, I dare say, should I have cared even if I had known—what fetters I was placing upon myself when I first bought three cigarettes for a penny (Ogden's Guinea Gold, I remember they were—gold of a Golden Age!) and sought a place apart to indulge in secret sin! My age was—but I'd rather not say. I ought to have been ill, by all the rules. On the contrary, I enjoyed every puff down to the stub; indeed, I have never enjoyed any cigarette so much since that first fine rapture. And so my servitude began; and since then I have smoked millions. Yes, incredulous reader, millions! I regret to say I can no longer get them for three a penny or threepence for ten. The Exchequer now battens on my weakness, knowing full well that I will still smoke, whatever fiscal blackmail may persecute me. Ah, well! Better, perhaps, to smoke here than hereafter.

Fallen Angels. In those days there were a few brazen hussies who openly smoked. They were the sort of women who, for two pins, would redden their lips or even paint their faces. Poor fallen angels, we pitied them and averted our gaze. Now, to show how easy is the descent to Avernus, I read that a woman delegate at the T.U.C. utters these frightful sentiments: "We are going to be equal. If we want to smoke we are going to smoke, and we want the money to smoke with." That is what English womanhood has come to. And mark how one thing leads to another. This truculent lady goes on: "We have to fight our husbands to start with, and then our trade unions." Could there be any more convincing proof of the demoralising effect of chain-smoking? They used to say that it was the Demon Alcohol which broke up homes; now it is obviously the Demon Nicotine. By gad, Sir, King James I. was right! He knew all about "drinking" tobacco, to which he applied such graceful terms as "filthy" and "stinking." (I pause, if you will excuse me, to light another cigarette. Have one yourself?)

"I'm tired; let's walk."

DRAWN BY STARKE.

A Depressed Class. However, it is no use arguing with this strong-minded lady or any of her kind. I keep on saying from this pulpit that women must have their rights. I only say so—well, frankly, to curry favour; I am intimidated by these right-demanding Amazons, and if I did not humour them, they might write to the Editor, or to my Member of Parliament, and hound me from public life. That is why I now take up another grievance which has recently been ventilated. A plaintive note is struck by a correspondent in the *Daily Telegraph* who complains that "the Board of Trade will not release enough cloth to

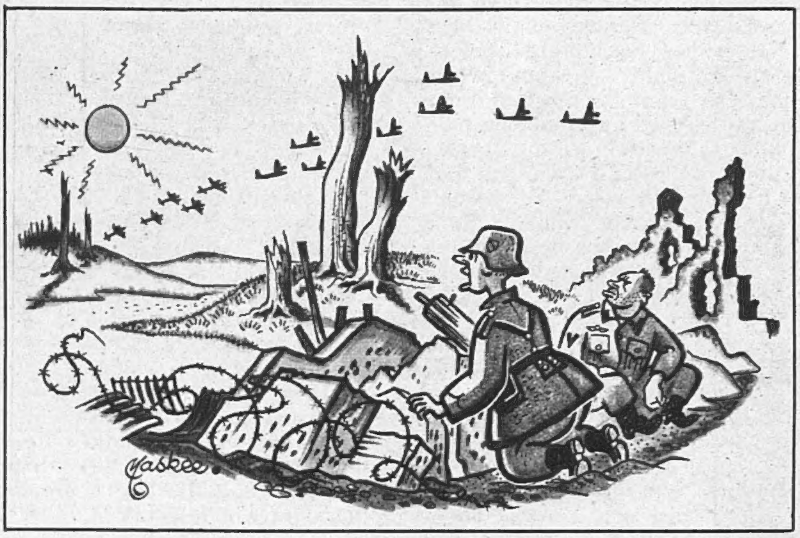


DOODLE BUG
(GREMLIN OPERATED - MARK II)

FULL DETAILS OF THE DOODLE-BUG, WITH ITS CREW OF QUIS

make outsize styles." Now, of course we should all like to think that nobody was outsize. That is a proper chivalrous instinct, but the facts are against us. It is no use the Board of Trade hiding its head in the sand and pretending that we are all sylphs. There are the slim and there are the not-so-slim; and it does seem to me a hardship that this fact of nature cannot be looked squarely in the face. The diabolical cunning of the Board of Trade policy is that they calculate that most Outsizes will not draw attention to their contours by protesting. Machiavellian, isn't it?

Cash Down. If any Outsize desires a practical course in reducing, I recommend her to become a bus conductress. Going up or down the stairs of a bus is a hazardous operation at the best of times; it always surprises me that more of us are not hurled insensible when we are half-way up or down, because that is the moment which the more sporting type of driver always chooses to lurch, jerk or lunge. Performing this trapeze act hundreds of times a day must need a strong constitution and a stout heart. An improvement is now promised, none too soon, in the P.A.Y.E. (Pay As You Enter) bus. You get your ticket as you enter the vehicle. I say "as you enter," but of course I mean *if* you enter or if you get anywhere near the vehicle or scrounge a place in the queue. Assuming all that—and it is a very large assumption—the new device seems a very sensible arrangement for those survival-of-the-fittest toughs who can fight their way on to buses, trampling the contemptible weaklings right and left as they go.



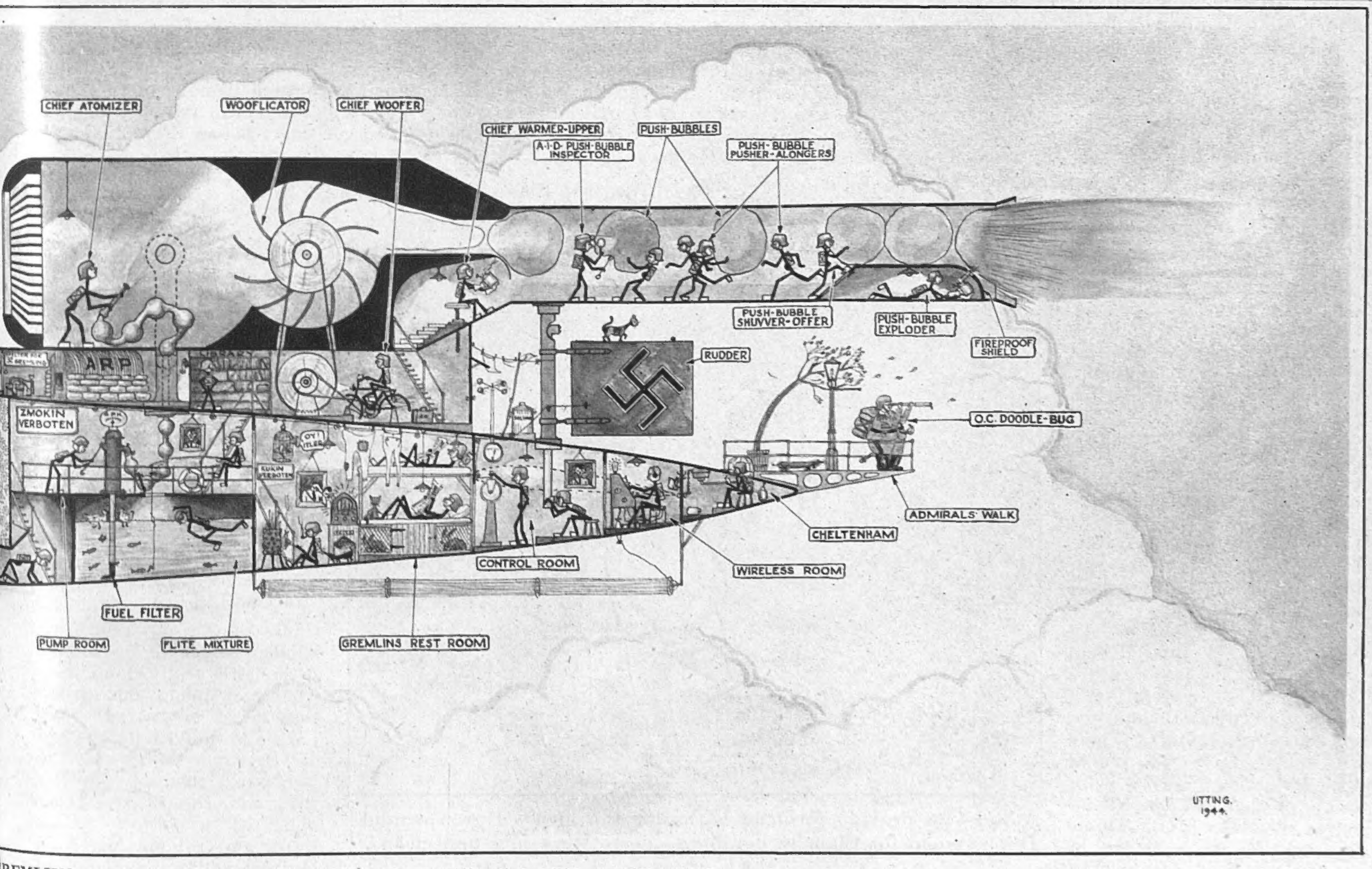
"Ach, Himmel! Not a cloud in the sky! What filthy weather!"

DRAWN BY MASKEE.

Tender Mercies. And now, to please all parties—in short, to be all things to all women—let me say that I admire not only the sturdy, uncompromising qualities of Trade Union delegates, bus conductresses, women police and other formidable females, but the gentler feminine qualities which still survive amid war and are, indeed, brought to a high pitch by it. I have been much struck, for example, by the tender mercies of the Second Echelon A.T.S. "Their job," I read, "is to see that everyone is spared unnecessary anxiety and to ensure that a soldier's wishes are carried out as far as possible." What higher ideal could there be, what better training for our future wives and mothers? These Welfare girls, it is stated, "take a personal interest in their particular soldiers"—well, there is nothing new in that, you may say, but mark this—"their particular soldiers whom they have never seen and probably never will see." It seems to be a case of greeting the unseen with a cheer.

Wizards All. There are *such* a lot of clever people in this war—it seems almost too good to be true. For many a long day we have been cracking our little cracks—perhaps a trifle unfeeling sometimes—about the Weather Prophets. They used to be a joke when they were just prophets, and they were not much less of a joke when they wrapped up their prophecies in a lot of guff about deep depressions, anticyclones, isotherms and other tararas. But now they have got it all taped. The war could not go on without them. D-Day certainly could not have gone on without them. They even predicted the exact height of the waves. Wizards, one and all! There ought to be

[*Continued overleaf.*



REMLINS, ARE REVEALED BY "THE SKETCH" FOR THE FIRST TIME. [DRAWN BY UTTING.]

a big future in this. It is nice to think that we really shall know whether it is going to rain to-morrow. (Whatever the wizards say, I shall take my umbrella all the same.) I note one interesting item in their calculations—we are "owed," apparently, a hundred hours of sunshine from September and October. Well, let us have a few of them on account. Good for us and good for Monty.

The Shape of Things To Comb. There is good news not only about deferred ultra-violet but many other little rays of sunshine. It is confidently stated that there will soon be more razor-blades, combs, elastic, hair-grips and playing-cards. Yes—but it has been stated before. Leaving aside the hair-grips (are these "slides"?), about which I am not worrying, I am not doing so badly in most of these aids to civilisation, but I must say my gapped and yawning half-comb is a rather disreputable object. When I ask my barber to lend me his comb for a moment (to undo his ravages), a look of anguish comes over his honest face, and he says, "You won't break it, will you, Sir?" He makes me so nervous that one of these days I expect I *will* break it, and then I think he will go for me with his razor. In the absence of combs, I think we had better all have one of these "cold-perms." which have excited the nation. I am told they are very good at about £10 per perm. However, I dare say you can get a comb in the black market for that money? I don't know, and must inquire.

"The Brigadier has just received a notice from London ordering him to report for fire-watch duty."

DRAWN BY MICHAELSON.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

Here's some more good news. Chess is a highly improving game, very good for the Little Grey Cells. Those who thought it an amusement only for the nursery have been quite mistaken; it definitely has more intellectual value than Snakes and Ladders and Animal Grab. I am reluctant to admit this, as any child can beat me at this lugubrious and overrated game (so-called); but it has been vindicated in the Chancery Division, and it is always a mistake to argue with the Chancery Division. Charity is a very extraordinary thing in the eye of the law. If you leave a lot of money for some philanthropic purpose which is obviously sensible and beneficial, you can be almost certain that it will be disallowed as not being a good charitable object, because it cannot be reconciled with a precedent of about 1760. But if you leave it for the promotion of chess, darts, cross-word puzzles or penny pools, you have a very good chance of being canonised as a public benefactor. The idea is just to make things a little bit more interesting for testators and their advisers.

Not the Way to Talk. But I had better be careful, or I might find myself committed for contempt of court. There are some subjects too sacred for jest. Light-minded persons (some of them, I fear, themselves members of the Home Guard) have been known to indulge in cheap pleasantries about that fine body of men, though I don't think the Home Guard ever provided as much innocent merriment as we poor old Wardens in the early days, when we were everybody's fool. This bug of ill-timed jesting sometimes attacks even the most serious-minded. They have got it in Germany. The *Volkssturm*, or Home Guard, is being freely described by irresponsibles as "a fine bunch of duds" or as "playing Robin Hood and shouting 'Boo' at the enemy." (I suppose Robin Hood *was* a German?) Others "just dismiss the *Volkssturm* with a contemptuous shrug and go home and draw up their wills." A German official broadcaster describes these criticisms as "swinish and drivelling." Strong language, not unusual among Nazi radio orators. We can acquit ourselves of any such cheap satire. We do not regard any armed German force as "a bunch of duds," for we are not foolish enough to underestimate the courage of desperation. That, however, will not affect the result.

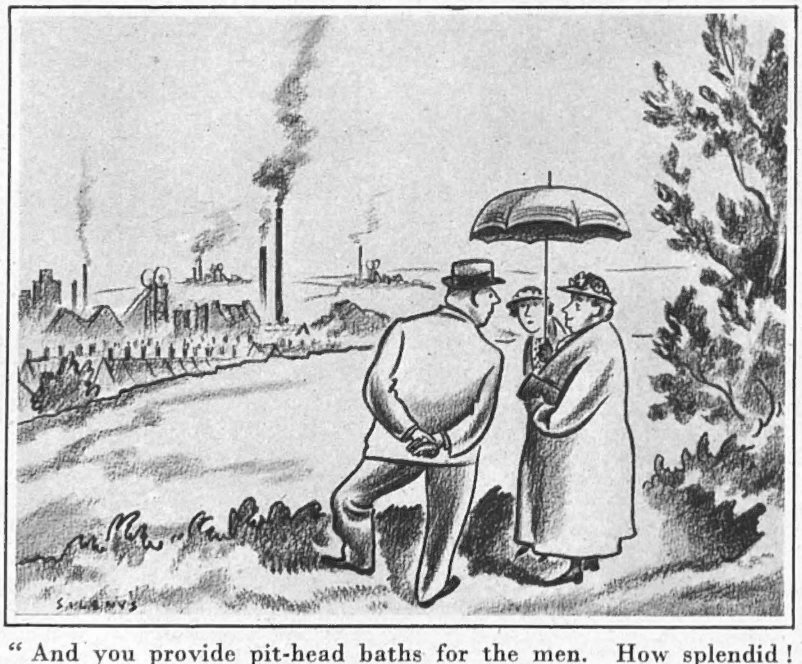
"Alexander or *no* Alexander, it's time for bed!"

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Roll Out the Barrel. Amid all this talk of Portal houses and rebuilding England, not enough attention is paid to one very convenient form of residence. I see that a New Zealand Sapper in Greece has been living for four months in a barrel. Very appropriate in the country of Diogenes, who occupied a barrel with great popular success for much longer than four months. Other distinguished persons have done the same; if I remember aright, Huckleberry Finn's father preferred it to any other form of lodging. Of course, it is not suitable for all climates, but it is very compact, very snug, easily portable and economical in rates and taxes. You can always adapt it to a south aspect and, if in need of company, you can roll round and see your friends. Should the necessity arise, you can always expand the household by simply adding more barrels, whereas if you don't like your neighbours, you can trundle off to a more congenial locality. Mark my words, there will be a big demand for barrels, and I advise you to get yours before the price begins to soar.

Ties that Bind. They say that M. Laval's private effects —*i.e.*, the loot of his political career—have fetched only £10,000. A bust of Hitler, it is reported, was "knocked down for a few hundred francs." Well, there are many people who would knock it down for nothing. This statesman's taste in neck-wear is well known; while other purists have favoured a simple flower, he has always worn the white tie of a blameless life. A collector has bought six of his white ties for 450 f. It seems to me probable that his admirers will soon be wearing ties of quite a different colour.

Jargon. The Prime Minister, we are told, "continues his war on jargon," and apologises even for "personnel" —though I really don't know what we should do without that word nowadays. Well, I wish he would tell the sages of Bretton Woods not to "obligate" themselves to this, that and the other. I feel obligated to object to the word, and I hope Mr. A. P. Herbert will support me.



"And you provide pit-head baths for the men. How splendid! It's so good for them to be able to go to work nice and clean!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

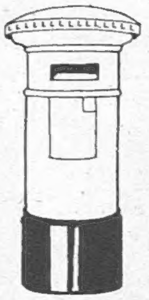
The one-hundred-and-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"LUMMY, SHE'S 'AD ANOTHER PERM!"
"AH! SPENDS 'ER LIFE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—It is wonderful news that you may be coming home. Do you think we shall recognise each other after all these years, or shall we have to meet under the clock at Waterloo, each wearing a red carnation? Is there still a clock at Waterloo? And are there any red carnations left in London? I wouldn't be knowing. I think we must arrange to meet somewhere else. I suppose some day I shall make a Rip Van Winkle sort of appearance in London again, but not yet. It would be like going to stare at somebody who is very ill and hasn't got her false teeth in—all right for those who are near and dear to her, but an impertinence from strangers.

When I got your letter I sat down in front of my looking-glass and turned it towards the cold light of day. I wanted to take stock of what Charles calls "The Old Visage," and face up to the ravages of time with what courage I could muster.

The reflection in the glass wasn't frightfully encouraging. Thinner, of course, and the thing in my cheek which used to be a dimple had deceitfully turned itself into a line. Lines, not to say furrows, from nose to chin, lines on the forehead and round the eyes, and a dreadful hint of incipient scrag at the neck. Hair at the sides gone into what I like to call grey wings, and what everybody else calls just grey hair. Eyebrows grown coarse and eyelashes fine. Also a cold.

"What are you doing, Henrietta?" said Charles, coming into my room at that moment.

"'Of course, this is a very trying light.'"

"I think Queen Elizabeth was right never to look in the glass," I said gloomily.

Charles bent down and looked over my shoulder at my reflection. "Worrying about the Old Visage?" he said kindly.

"I'll say I am."

Charles stared into the glass in silence, then he said, "Of course, this is a very trying light."

"Yes, Charles."

"And you haven't done anything to your face this morning?"

"No, Charles."

"Personally, I like a woman to have a few lines on her face," said Charles. "It shows she uses it."

"Yes, Charles."

"Don't sigh like that, Henrietta," said Charles. "We can't keep young for ever."

"I'm afraid Robert will notice a great change in my appearance," I said sadly.

"I shouldn't worry about Robert," said Charles, whom I have never succeeded in making jealous. "He's probably developed an enormous stomach and a bald head by now. All the same, you'd better go and get yourself done up a bit. I'll speak to Faith about it. It will be good for your morale if nothing else."

That afternoon Faith came bustling round and found me bedding-out the wallflowers. "I'm so glad you're going to take an interest in your appearance at last, Henrietta," she said. "I've made an appointment for you with my little man on Tuesday. He's marvellous. We'll go in together."

On Tuesday Faith and I caught the early train to our Cathedral City. Faith said she had made appointments for everything, and that it would take time. She said she herself would have just a shampoo and set.

Faith's little man, who was called Gaston, looked at me gloomily when I was paraded before him.

"Madam wishes to change her hair-style," said Faith.

"That is not the surprise," said Gaston simply.

"She's going to have a facial as well," said Faith, "and a manicure, and her eyebrows plucked."

"Not plucked, Faith," I said.

"Shaped, then," said Faith.

"Every small helps," said Gaston. "But it is the hair-style which makes the big guns." He then sat me in a chair, pulled my two faithful hairpins, Castor and Pollux, from my head and threw them carelessly on a shelf. After that he began combing my hair about and twisting my head this way and that, making clucking noises all the time.

"The face is too thin," said Gaston.

"I'm afraid so," I said.

"And the brow not sufficiently broad. The eyes also they are too close. It is not in the mode."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"We will see," said Gaston.

"'I'm so glad you're going to take an interest in your appearance at last, Henrietta.'"

Three hours later, when the female assistants had withdrawn with buffers and tweezers, and Gaston was putting the finishing touches to my hair, Faith came into my cubicle. "Finished?" she said.

Gaston whisked the towel from around my neck. "*Regardez!*" he cried. "We have here the definite improvement. Yes? No? Is it not?"

"My dear Henrietta!" said Faith, in a hushed voice.

I opened my eyes, for I had fallen into an exhausted sleep. A perfectly strange face confronted me in the looking-glass.

"I fill out the hair at the sides to give breadth," said Gaston.

"Marvellous!" said Faith. "Don't you like it, Henrietta?"

"I don't think Charles will," I said.

"Charles will love it," said Faith firmly.

"I like my finger-nails and my eyebrows," I said, not wishing to appear ungrateful.

"You look ten years younger," said Faith. But I didn't. The awful thing was that I looked ten years older. Faith and I went out to have some tea, and every time I saw myself in a shop window my stomach turned over inside me.

When Charles came in that evening I stood up, trembling, but all he said was, "I've had a terrible day and I'm not done yet." But half-way through dinner he laid down his knife and fork and said, "Henrietta, what on earth have you been doing to yourself?"

"It's my new hair-style, Charles," I said.

"Then I shall grow a beard," said Charles.

Next morning I managed to coax my hair back into its old ways, but the sad part of the story is that I left Castor and Pollux on Gaston's shelf.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"A perfectly strange face confronted me."

HITLER, the Field-Marshal's wire-haired terrier, was introduced to H.M. the King when he was over visiting the Forces.

A cage of CANARIES and BUDGERIGARS belonging to the Field-Marshal bore the crest of the Eighth Army. This photograph was taken outside his mobile caravan in Italy.

ROMMEL, the golden cocker spaniel, got a good deal of attention and petting from the Premier when he flew over to France.

These GOLDFISH were a present from the Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux of Missouri, U.S.A.

MONTY'S MENAGERIE.

Right: Sitting on F.-M. Montgomery's lap is a cocker spaniel, which keeps a keen sporting eye on the tame rabbit down below.

WAR or no war, wherever he goes Field-Marshal Montgomery adds to his collection of pets, of which those on this page are probably a mere sample. The dogs, HITLER and ROMMEL, have had a pretty good Press so far, but the others are less well known to the public. The nameless tame rabbit was painted by James Gunn in a portrait of the Field-Marshal with some of his staff. The goldfish were a present from the Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux of Missouri. Sent over in a metal container without label, on the canister were pasted photostat copies of their offer to the Field-Marshal and his acceptance, instructions for feeding *en route*, and a request to any British or American unit to forward them to "Monty." The fish took seven days on the journey, and by coincidence were put on a 'plane piloted by Major Roy Benson, the Field-Marshal's personal pilot when he commanded the Eighth Army.

ROYAL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY PERSONALITIES:

LIEUT.-COMMANDER F. C. V. BRIGHTMAN, R.N., *commands H.M.S. "Pickle." He is seen reading the MS. of Clemence Dane's book, "He Brings Good News," about the frigate H.M.S. "Pickle," which brought news of Trafalgar to England.*

Fifteen-year-old JILL POOLE, *daughter of the Leicester Cathedral Ringing Master, is the youngest ringer to take part in the ringing of a "Cambridge Surprise Maximum" given recently at Leicester. It takes nearly four hours.*

Left: AIR MARSHAL SIR LESLIE GOSSAGE, *Director-General of the A.T.C., and* AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR PETER DRUMMOND *chatted with* F./LIEUT. EDWARD JARRATT, *who supervised the production, at the première of the A.T.C. film "Sons of the Air" at the Tivoli.*

Right: ANNA K. ZINKEISEN'S *portrait of* LADY RITCHIE, *wife of Sir James Ritchie, second baronet, is on view at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the Royal Academy. Lady Ritchie was Miss Rosemary Streatfeild.*

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR RICHARD McCREERY *is the new Commander of the famous Eighth Army, in succession to Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese, who has gone to S.E.A.C. Here he is at a Greek Brigade H.Q. in Italy, with a senior officer and* MAJOR MILLS, M.C., *by a wrecked German Tiger tank.*

MRS TASKER WATKINS *is the wife of Major Tasker Watkins, Welch Regiment, the first Welsh V.C. of the war. He earned the decoration for superb gallantry and disregard of danger on Aug. 16 near Bafour.*

LITERATURE, ART, ROMANCE AND SOCIETY.

The marriage of MISS ESTELLE HORSLEY-CARR, *granddaughter of the 9th Lord Belhaven and Stenton, to* LIEUT. GERALD HERBERT CROSS, *son of Mr. C. N. Cross, of British Columbia, took place in Edinburgh.*

LIEUT.-COMMANDER S. J. HALL, D.S.C., R.N., *married* 3RD OFFICER DOROTHY MURIEL GANDER, W.R.N.S., *daughter of Inst.-Commander B. V. Gander, R.N., at Tavistock. He won his D.S.C. for attacking the "Tirpitz" last April. There was a miniature aircraft-carrier on the wedding-cake.*

MISS THELMA LEIGHTON SEAGER, W.R.N.S., *is a daughter of Sir Leighton Seager, President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom and an ex-High Sheriff of Monmouthshire.*

LADY SEAGER, *wife of Sir Leighton Seager, and mother of Wren Thelma Leighton Seager, is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S., and is employed on welfare work.*

IAN PATRICK LOWSON, *infant son of Mr. Denys and* THE HON. MRS. LOWSON, *was christened in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Dean of St. Paul's, the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews. He is a grandson of the late Lord Strathcarron.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *recently inspected the work of disabled men at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops and purchased some toys. She is shown at the British Legion stall.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WHEN writer-producer-director Preston Sturges is at the top of his form, there is no more ingenious entertainer in Hollywood. His delightful comedy ran into a bad patch in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" and "The Great Moment," but he is back in his best form again with "HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO" (Plaza).

"Hail the Conquering Hero" is a satire on American small-town politics, sentimentalities, and ceremonies, by a man who obviously has a very warm spot for all of them. Its style is often broadly comic, but expertly injected into the vein of burlesque and slap-stick is a rich human story. The process by which a sad little rabbit of a man is translated into a phoney hero, and then, by his very humility, becomes a real one, is irresistibly funny, but often comes near to pathos, too.

Woodrow Lafayette Pershing Truesmith (Eddie Bracken) is the only son of a local hero, who died in France in the last war on the day Woodrow was born, and whose flag-draped portrait hangs in the Truesmith parlour. When timid, muddled, but eager Woodrow goes off to join the Marines in the present war, the whole town of Oakridge, Calif., turns out, down to the last dog, to see him off; bands play; his proud mother weeps; banners carry the legend "Like father, like son."

You don't see all this happen, but you are told about it. You are told about it by Woodrow himself, who is first discovered, a miserable little fellow in civilian clothes, drinking alone at a bar in a cheap restaurant. Six husky Marines from Guadalcanal invade the place, with 15 cents between them to spend on beer. Woodrow, looking at their uniforms and medals with the sort of idolatrous gaze that a small boy bestows on an engine driver, pays for the round; wretchedly consents to tell them his troubles. After three months' training in a home camp, he has been discharged from the Army with chronic hay fever. Remembering his father, remembering his send-off from Oakridge, he is too mortified to break the news to his people. He has tricked his mother into thinking he is fighting in Guadalcanal; written to his girl (Ella Raines) to say that he has fallen in love with someone else; and gone hopelessly off to work in a shipyard. He is desperately homesick, but afraid to go home.

The six Marines are not very bright, but mother-love is something they do understand. They force the reluctant Woodrow into an ill-fitting uniform, decorate him with their own medals, and drag him back to Oakridge, Calif., preceding their arrival with the most fantastic stories of his valour. The return is a riot. Oakridge turns up at the station *en masse*. The careful schedule of the reception committee is torn to pieces in a tumult of hero-worship. Bands play different tunes at the same time, orators orate, dogs bark, local child presents bouquet, Woodrow's mother is in tears again, Woodrow's girl gives back the ring to the new young man to whom she has become engaged.

The six Marines have a grand time, but Woodrow, a man with a conscience, is in a little private hell. When the grateful townsfolk solemnly buy and burn the mortgage on his mother's home; when they plan to erect a monument in the town square, celebrating the exploits of father and son; when, after a whirlwind campaign, they nominate him for Mayor, it is all too much for Woodrow. He tells them the truth. He did it for his mother's sake, he says; he loves his mother very much. And then he goes miserably away to catch the first train out of town—a train which leaves without him, since Oakridge unanimously decides in favour of having an honest man for once in politics.

I have given you the story of "Hail the Conquering Hero" with a clear conscience, because knowing the facts won't in any way spoil the film for you. The special charm is in the telling; in the brilliant handling of crowds,

THE BEST PLAYS. *Starred by "The Sketch."* * * *=*top-score.*

* * * "BLITHE SPIRIT" *(Duchess)*. Noel Coward's play. Penelope Ward, Joyce Carey, Nicholas Phipps.

* * * "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" *(Phœnix)*. 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Barbara Waring, Malcolm Keen.

* * * "UNCLE HARRY" *(Garrick)*. Murder thriller, with Michael Redgrave and Beatrix Lehmann.

* * OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY *(New)*. Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Sybil Thorndike, Nicholas Hannen in repertory.

* * "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" *(Strand)*. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Edmund Willard.

* * "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" *(Globe)*. Farce. Jane Baxter, Hugh Wakefield.

* * "SWEETER AND LOWER" *(Ambassadors)*. Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

* * "TO-MORROW THE WORLD" *(Aldwych)*. Nazi youth. Robert Harris, Elizabeth Allan, Jean Cadell, David O'Brien.

* * "THE BANBURY NOSE" *(Wyndham's)*. Family history, with Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans.

* * SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON *(Prince's)*. Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert and Alec Sherman conduct.

* * JOHN GIELGUD in Repertory *(Haymarket)*. Yvonne Arnaud, Peggy Ashcroft, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

* * "THE LISBON STORY" *(Stoll)*. Play with music.

* * "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" *(Palace)*. Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

* * "MERRY-GO-ROUND" *(Adelphi)*. Anglo-Russian revue, with Russian ballet: George Lacy, Pat Leonard, Nina Tarakanova.

* * "HAPPY AND GLORIOUS" *(Palladium)*. Revue with Tommy Trinder, Zoë Gail, Elisabeth Welch.

* * "SCANDAL AT BARCHESTER" *(Lyric)*. Trollope with Felix Aylmer, Milton Rosmer, Olga Lindo, Dorothy Hyson.

* * "PRIVATE LIVES" *(Apollo)*. Noel Coward revival, with Kay Hammond, John Clements.

* "MEET ME VICTORIA" *(Victoria Palace)*. Cockney humour with Lupino Lane, Dorothy Ward.

* "NO MEDALS" *(Vaudeville)*. Wartime housewife. Fay Compton.

* "IT DEPENDS WHAT YOU MEAN" *(Westminster)*. Bridie's latest. Alastair Sim, Angela Baddeley.

* "THREE'S A FAMILY" *(Saville)*. Comedy. With Vera Pearce.

* "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" *(Duke of York's)*. Ralph Lynn, Enid Stamp Taylor.

* "THE LILAC DOMINO" *(His Majesty's)*. Revived, with Pat Taylor, Leo Franklyn, Bernard Clifton, Elizabeth French.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" *(Comedy)*. Sonia Dresdel in melodrama.

* "THE MERRY WIDOW" *(Coliseum)*. Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott.

* "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" *(Savoy)*. Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Athene Seyler.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

"Irish Eyes are Smiling" (Gaumont, and Marble Arch Pavilion; November 19) stars JUNE HAVER *as "Irish" O'Brien, chorus girl who has star attributes, but flits from job to job. Theatre-manager Brawley bets he'll make a star out of the first girl to leave the ladies' lounge, and "Irish" is the girl.*

Ernie, song-writer, played by Dick Haymes, distracted at the loss of "Irish," who has left him and is on her way to Havana, makes a bee-line after her. So music-publisher Leo Betz (CLARENCE KOLB) *has, in his turn, to be soothed in his distress over Ernie's loss by Brawley* (MONTY WOOLLEY), *who sings him a song.*

Universal's "Gipsy Wildcat" (Tivoli, November 19). Having killed Count Orso, Baron Tovar accuses a gipsy band of the crime to shield himself; imprisons them in his dungeon; orders the torture of Carla (MARIA MONTEZ) *to make her confess and implicate her people. Michael* (JOHN HALL), *knowing the Baron's guilt, accuses Tovar, and is thrown into the dungeon too. Casting herself in front of Michael, Carla saves him from death.*

each member of which is entirely absorbed in his own business; in the shrewd observation of human behaviour; in the selective use of sound; in the pin-pointing of the camera on its particular target. The acting is just right, from Eddie Bracken's embarrassed Woodrow to the fussy pomposity of Franklin Pangborn as chairman of the reception committee.

I wish "THE CLIMAX" (Odeon) were indeed the climax, but I fear it isn't. I should like to believe that the height of absurdity has been achieved by this preposterous concoction, but I dare not cherish the hope. Improbable though it seems, there will almost certainly be sillier films than "The Climax." The recipe is so simple, and contains so many of the ingredients for a popular success. The present film is a direct successor to "The Phantom of the Opera." The same singing star, Susanna Foster, appears in both pictures. Both are about opera singers. Both are vaguely "period," with a "foreign" setting. "The Phantom" took place in Paris; "The Climax" in some sort of continental Ruritania. Both use a pot-pourri of music made up of orchestral bits from famous composers. Both employ Technicolor; although "The Phantom" Technicolor was discreet, "The Climax" lurid. Both, so far as the story is concerned, incline towards the horrific, and assume that you like your music served up with a chill.

Why that particularly inoffensive and retiring gentleman, William Pratt, alias Boris Karloff, has been presented on the screen as the ultimate in menace has always been a mystery to me. But there it is. Mr. Karloff, I believe, is fond of both dogs and children, and to me his face is one of the saddest and most benign I have ever encountered in a studio. I can picture him as a devoted screen father, a family doctor, a faithful retainer, a fairy god-uncle. But, no, he has dedicated his professional life to crime; strange, wild, exotic crime; and I fear there will be no escape for him.

In the present film he plays a mad throat specialist, attached to the Ruritanian opera. In a moment of aberration he has murdered a beautiful prima donna, who put her career before her love. Ten years later, he still has the lady embalmed, and kept in a perfect condition in his top bedroom. Then, alas! he meets another prima donna, Miss Foster, whose vocal resemblance to the deceased is startling. In fact, it unhinges the good doctor altogether. He abducts the girl, hypnotises her to make her believe she can't sing, and is even seen toying in a speculative kind of way with certain lethal instruments. In the end, Miss Foster's career is saved by her sweetheart (Turhan Bey), who prevails on Ruritania's boy king to order a command performance. Miss Foster sings—by golly! how she sings!—while the doctor and his embalmed lover go up in flames.

It is better to say as little as possible about the acting in a film of this kind. But I think a legitimate point for comment arises in regard to the music. Both here and in "The Phantom of the Opera" the studio's music department compose what are virtually new operas by "arranging" instrumental works for the singers. The result is a lot of tune, and quite a pleasant, noisy noise, and if a musical purist here and there writhes in his seat as he listens, that isn't going to do the film much harm at the box-office.

But why in the world, when Hollywood is full of stars who can sing operatic music, don't they give them real operatic music to sing? People like Susanna Foster, Deanna Durbin, Kathryn Grayson, Rise Stevens, Marta Eggerth, Dennis Morgan, Allan Jones, Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are eating their head-notes off in musically inadequate pictures. I am firmly convinced that there is a big public for opera and operetta, sung straight through, without nonsense, as they are sung in the theatre. It is no good anyone objecting that singers with operatic voices don't look well on the screen. None of the talented people I have mentioned above has had any trouble in getting by on appearance. Nor is there any use in telling me that the "books" of most popular operas are absurd. After all, I *have* seen "The Climax."

MARIA MONTEZ *executes an intricate gipsy dance in her starring rôle in "Gipsy Wildcat."*

There is good news this week for the retired naval officer who wrote to me the other day complaining of the lack of adventure in modern pictures. "We were luckier in our youth," he said, "when they knew how to spin real yarns on the screen—glorious romances like 'The Black Pirate' and 'Bardelys the Magnificent' and 'The Three Musketeers.'" Well, a little thing has just turned up from Soviet Russia that should warm the cockles of his heart. It's called "ADVENTURES IN BOKHARA," and it can be seen at the Tatler.

There is no sign at all that "Adventures in Bokhara" was made in Russia in wartime; only, in fact, a year ago. It is jolly, light-hearted stuff; a cross between something from the "Arabian Nights" and an oriental "Robin Hood." The hero, Nasreddin, is a legendary character of Eastern folklore, and a thoroughly engaging rogue. He belongs to that irresistible class of rapscallion who robs the rich to help the poor. The scene is eighteenth-century Bokhara, where Nasreddin goes to rescue his sweetheart, who has been abducted by the Emir. Disguised as a Wise Man from Bagdad, he manages to gain favour with the Emir, and so penetrates into the very heart of the Palace—the harem. There is wit as well as adventure in the picture, and a glorious, rollicking performance by Lev Sverdlin as the impudent adventurer. Children, as well as retired naval officers, should relish it, and I wish it could run right on into the Christmas holidays.

Paramount's Technicolor "Rainbow Island" (Plaza, November 17) stars DOROTHY LAMOUR *as Lona in the comedy of a tropical island on which three U.S. merchant seamen have landed. Their execution is ordered by the Queen. Lona makes her face up to imitate the pin-up girl the men brought with them.*

The High Priest (REED HADLEY) *interviews seaman Ken Masters* (BARRY SULLIVAN), *and Lona saves the sailors' lives by persuading the natives that one of the American seamen closely resembles their island god, Momo. Eddie Bracken and Gil Lamb co-star with Lamour.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

DR. C. K. ALLEN, Oxford Don—*for winning a cup with a draft all ready inside it.*

CAPT. D. JAMIESON—*for being literally the height of valour—a 6-ft-5-in. V.C.*

(L. to r.) CPL. MARQUET, P/O. ST. GERMAIN, AIR COMMODORE ROSS, *and* L.A.C. McKENZIE—*for the magnificent heroism which jointly won them high awards.*

DR. C. K. ALLEN, M.C., M.A., D.C.L., J.P., was recently awarded the Swiney Prize by the Royal Society of Arts for his work "Law in the Making." The President, Dr. E. F. Armstrong, is seen presenting it to him. The prize is a cup with a cheque in it. Dr. Allen is Oxford Secretary to Rhodes Trustees and Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford. He won his M.C. in the last war.

CAPTAIN DAVID JAMIESON, 6 ft. 5 ins., and the tallest man in the R. Norfolk Regt., won his V.C. at Grimbosq, in Normandy. On August 7, the Germans were making heavy tank counter-attacks, and the brunt of the battle fell on his company. Through thirty-six hours of bitter, close fighting, wounded in right eye and left forearm, Capt. Jamieson disregarded his safety and showed great qualities of personal bravery and leadership. He was largely responsible for holding this important bridgehead over the Orne and the repulse of seven German counter-attacks.

AIR COMDRE. A. D. ROSS won his George Cross, P/O. J. R. M. St. GERMAIN and CPL. M. MARQUET George Medals, and L.A.C. M. M. McKENZIE his M.B.E. (all R.C.A.F.), through their very great heroism in an action which resulted in saving the lives of pilot and rear-gunner from a blazing 'plane, with 500-lb. bombs bursting on the 'drome.

MLLE. MISTINGUETTE, brilliant French actress, is seventy years old. Our snapshot, taken in Paris, shows how well she wears and how lovely the legs which were once insured for a million dollars.

MISTINGUETTE—*for being a seventy-year-old actress who retains her million-dollar leg-line.*

RIFLEMAN GANJU LAMA, 7th Gurkha Rifles, won his V.C. for gallantry in Burma on June 12. The enemy had put down an intense artillery barrage north of the village of Ningthoukhong, causing heavy casualties, and followed by a tank attack. Ganju Lama, on the anti-tank gun, crawled forward and engaged the tanks singlehanded, in spite of wounds in right hand and leg. He knocked out one tank after another, and not until he had killed and wounded all the crews with grenades did he go to the first-aid post.

RIFLEMAN GANJU LAMA *(seen with his father and brother)—for the splendid act of heroism which won him his V.C.*

PIN-UP GIRL FOR THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN.

MRS. CLARE BOOTH LUCE, *playwright, author and politician, is a lady who does not love this country very dearly. She is the Congress Member for Connecticut, and has been described as the " pin-up girl for the Republican campaign." She has been fiercely opposing the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt for another term as President ; is credited with being the first to call him an Isolationist ; said that he " lied America " into the war ; and called the New Deal's internationalism " globalony." She is the wife of Mr. Henry Robinson Luce, the publisher. Her play " The Women " made a hit over here in 1939, and her " European Spring " was a 1940 best-seller.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY Y. KARSH, OF OTTAWA.

"HAMLET," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE,

"HAMLET" alternates with "The Circle" and Congreve's "Love for Love," at the Haymarket, where John Gielgud and his company recently opened their season. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Webster's masterpiece, "The Duchess of Malfi," are to be added to the repertory in the New Year. "Hamlet" is directed by George Rylands, Bursar of King's College, Cambridge. He has done much work anonymously, and as an amateur, for the Marlowe Society, but this

[*Continued opposite.*

"I pray thee stay with us. Go not to Wittenburg ... *and Haml*

"They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non nonny, hey nonny": PEGGY ASHCROFT *as the mad Ophelia mourning for her father.*

"Ay, springes to catch woodcock": ... *again*

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

WITH JOHN GIELGUD AND PEGGY ASHCROFT.

Continued.]
is his first professional theatrical undertaking. The setting is by Ruth Keating and the costumes by Jeanetta Cochrane. The *décor* is in the style of early Henry VII., some fifty years before that of Mr. Gielgud's last production of "Hamlet," which had costumes based on Cranach pictures. The production is highly distinguished, and one of the most impressive and moving ever given.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

trude (MARIAN SPENCER), *Claudius* (LESLIE BANKS)
N GIELGUD).

"Ah, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!" Ophelia stricken with grief at Hamlet's madness.

us (MILES MALLESON) *warns Ophelia*
mlet.

Wartime austerity is relieved by gay mural decorations, and the fantasy of a toque and veil.

A/C.2 S. W. Coleman's murals of the extravagant fashions of the nineteenth century make a gay contrast to wartime uniforms.

Murals of the bustled and bonneted 'eighties, high-collared 'nineties and early nineteen-hundreds adorn a W.A.A.F. officers' mess.

This leisured gathering of girls of the 'eighties provides good escapist decoration for the walls of a London Waafery.

The dolman on the left dates from 1835, and the ample crinolines and fluttering ribbons are early Victorian.

FASHION PARADE ON A WAAFERY WALL.

FASHION cannot, alas, play a great part in the life of the 1944 girl in the Services, for she has to spend most of her time in uniform. But there 's nothing to stop her thinking about frocks and fripperies! W.A.A.F. officers attached to the Air Ministry find great distraction in the amusing series of fashions painted on the wall of their mess, somewhere in London, by A/C.2 S. W. Coleman. In our issue of October 18 we gave some photographs of this Waafery and the officers who live there. So much interest was roused by the mural decorations that we are now devoting a page to them.

SYDNEY'S PRETTIEST GIRL? BOB HOPE'S CHOICE—AND RIVALS.

Right: When Bob Hope visited Australia he conferred the title of "the prettiest girl in Sydney" on twenty-year-old BETTY DAWES, *of Point Piper.*

FILM-STAR Bob Hope heard of Miss Betty Dawes from a friend in New Guinea, and when he made her acquaintance in Australia, he declared that she was "the prettiest girl in Sydney." This award is, however, challenged by at least two other candidates, Miss Maidie Hann and Miss Joyce Fields. Their supporters say that Bob should have met these girls before definitely handing out the title of Sydney's Beauty Queen. We give photographs of all three girls, so that our readers may decide for themselves.

Betty, however, has rivals. This is twenty-year-old MAIDIE HANN, *of Bellevue Hill. She's blonde and blue-eyed, works in her mother's butcher's shop, and does some commercial modelling.*

Then there's hazel-eyed, raven-haired, twenty-one-year-old JOYCE FIELDS, *of Bexley, N.S.W. She's an usherette at Sydney's Minerva Theatre, and a strong candidate for beauty honours.*

TROLLOPE CHARACTERS ON THE STAGE.

The Bishop (WALTER PIERS) listens appalled when Mr. Crawley, perpetual curate of Hogglestock (FELIX AYLMER), goaded beyond endurance, turns on the redoubtable Mrs. Proudie (WINIFRED OUGHTON).

Mrs. Grantley (JOAN HENLEY) meekly hears the Archdeacon (MILTON ROSMER) threaten to disinherit their son Henry (DENNIS PRICE) if he continues to court Grace Crawley.

JOAN HENLEY as Mrs. Grantley, wife of Dr. Grantley, Archdeacon of Barchester.

DOROTHY HYSON as Grace Crawley, elder daughter of Mr. Crawley.

FELIX AYLMER as Mr. Crawley, accused of appropriating church funds.

OLGA LINDO as Mrs. Crawley, loyal wife of the persecuted Perpetual Curate.

MILTON ROSMER as Doctor Grantley, Archdeacon of Barchester.

Jane Crawley (AUDREY HESKETH) indiscreetly asks Mrs. Crawley (OLGA LINDO) and Grace (DOROTHY HYSON) if Henry "has popped the question."

Dr. Grantley (MILTON ROSMER), Griselda Marchioness of Hartletop (BERYL MACHIN), her grandfather, Mr. Harding, Vicar of St. Ewold's (STANLEY LATHBURY), and her mother, Mrs. Grantley (JOAN HENLEY; l. to r.).

THE Cathedral Close atmosphere of Anthony Trollope's novels has made them popular reading matter with the inhabitants of this distracted world, and Londoners welcomed the presentation of the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie on the stage. "Scandal at Barchester," at the Lyric, is adapted by Vera Wheatley from "The Last Chronicle of Barset," first published in 1867, but the action takes place in 1860. On this page we give a selection of famous Trollope characters in their stage guise.

MERLE OBERON AS GEORGE SAND

"A SONG TO REMEMBER."

CORNEL WILDE as *Frederic Chopin, Polish genius and patriot, accepts tremendous applause after playing his own compositions.*

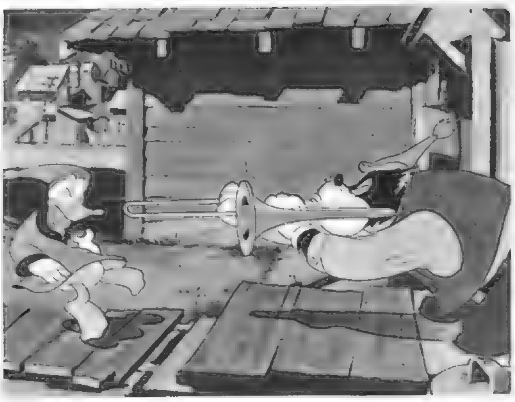
Liszt (STEPHEN BEKASSY) *and Madame George Sand, the great novelist, listen to Chopin playing his own compositions.*

Professor Elsner (PAUL MUNI) *points out the celebrated novelist Balzac* (PETER CUSANELLI) *to his pupil Chopin* (CORNEL WILDE).

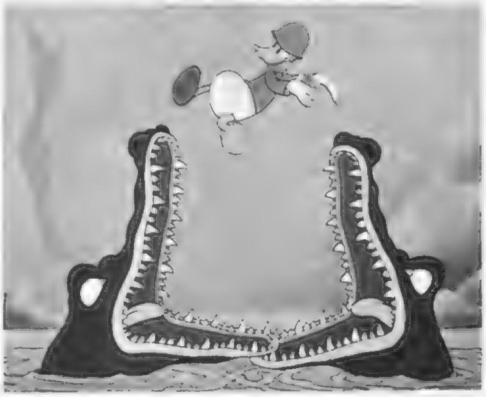
MERLE OBERON, *as the famous George Sand (Mme. Amandine Lucille Aurore Dudevant), complete with her trousers and cigar.*

Professor Elsner (PAUL MUNI; *right*) *enters the studio when Delacroix* (AL LUTTERINGER) *is painting George Sand.*

"A SONG TO REMEMBER," new Columbia Technicolor production due for its world *première* on November 20 at the New Gallery, Regent Street, presents on the screen some of the most famous literary and artistic personalities of the nineteenth century. It is concerned chiefly with Chopin and his liaison with the masterful novelist George Sand; but Balzac, Liszt, Delacroix and De Musset all make their appearance on the screen. Merle Oberon appears as Mme. Sand in her celebrated trousers, complete with the cigar; and also in beautiful period dresses. Many of Chopin's best-known compositions are heard during the course of the film.



"TROMBONE TROUBLE." *Up in the clouds, Jupiter and Vulcan have been disturbed by a weird sound coming from far-distant earth. They look down, and their divine pity is roused by the plight of poor* DONALD DUCK, *whose neighbour plays the trombone. When Donald calls to protest, a blast sweeps him off his feet. The gods endow Donald with terrific electrical power, which enables him to wreck the bully's house and chase him to the edge of a cliff, where, acting as an electric drill, he cuts the ground under his opponent's feet! All is calm on earth . . . but the gods, composing themselves to sleep, are again roused by the vile sound. Donald, returning home, has stumbled over the trombone and can't resist trying it himself!*



"COMMANDO DUCK." *Donald Duck has joined the Forces, and become a Commando serving in Burma. Heavily laden, in a transport 'plane he prepares for a one-man reconnaissance on Japanese positions in the jungle; and gets ready to jump. Alas, his parachute descent brings him down in a most unpropitious area, but natural wit helps him to escape from the jaws of the crocs., and off he goes again. It is not easy to beat the Japs—even for a Commando of the calibre of Donald Duck! Here he is paddling through the jungle river in his rubber dinghy, the picture of a wary, skilled Chindit. He successfully spies out the Japanese positions, and completes his mission.*

"HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL." *This is a most successful Walt Disney satire on American football, with Goofy as the star. The cheer-leaders urge their side to victory in typical U.S.A. style, and there are some wonderful scenes in the dressing-room of the team. There the coach talks to his side. He threatens, appeals and begs them to go all out to win the game. On the field itself team piles on team as each side plays for the winning goal. Goofy is the star who eventually turns the scale in favour of his team. He is all over the field at once, doing amazing work entirely single-handed. The screen is filled with movement and colour, and the satire itself is gorgeously funny, with Goofy at his most human and attractive. He is, indeed, the most successful of the animals which Mr. Disney has recently been producing.*

"CONTRARY CONDOR." *Mother and newly-born baby Condor are the principal characters in this new Disney picture, while Donald Duck appears as the explorer who has gone off to strange, far countries in search of adventure—and certainly finds it. He has to go through some alarming experiences, caused by the fact that Mrs. Condor mistakenly believes poor Donald to be her newly-hatched child. Her maternal protection does not appeal to the explorer one bit, and he dithers with fear at the prospect of her embrace. Donald wants a Condor egg as souvenir. But Mrs. Condor's idea that he is her newly-hatched chick upsets the whole scheme of things.*

QUARTET OF NEW DISNEY FILMS.

"OLD ACQUAINTANCE"—WITH BETTE DAVIS AND MIRIAM HOPKINS.

Triumphant youth; Kit Marlowe (BETTE DAVIS) *comes home in 1924 after having written a daring best-seller novel, and is overwhelmed with congratulations.*

The green-eyed monster! Millie Drake (MIRIAM HOPKINS) *is madly jealous of her great friend, Kit. She sets out to emulate her novel-writing; and succeeds.*

"OLD ACQUAINTANCE," due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on Friday last, November 10, records the friendship between loyal Kit and selfish Millie. Kit makes a hit with her first novel; Millie emulates her and also produces a best-seller, but neglects her husband, Preston, and daughter. Kit comforts them, but when Preston falls in love with her, she sends him away. Years pass, and Kit thinks of marrying a man younger than herself, but while she hesitates, youth calls to youth, and he falls in love with Deirdre. Kit "plays the game," forwards the romance; and creeps home to toast the rather arid future with her egoistical friend Millie.

Though Millie is a successful novelist, she is not so good as a wife. Her neglected husband, Preston (JOHN LODER), *and daughter Deirdre* (FRANCINE RUFO) *turn to Kit for sympathy.*

Preston's love for Millie has been killed by her overbearing, selfish ways, and he has left her. He meets Kit and tells her that he cares for her, but she is loyal to Millie and sends him away.

Kit, now almost middle-aged, has hesitated to marry Rudd Kendall (GIG YOUNG) *as he is ten years her junior. When she finds that he has fallen in love with Deirdre* (DOLORES MORAN), *now grown up, she forwards their romance.*

A toast to "Old Acquaintance"; Kit, the loyal, self-sacrificing friend, and Millie, the ambitious, selfish woman, have been friends through life, and now face lonely middle-age.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN "The Ballad and the Source," the life-story of a woman of uncertain age, but old enough to be several times a grandmother, is gradually revealed to a child (Rebecca is fourteen when the book ends). Rebecca's parents, who know Mrs. Jardine's history, find her an embarrassing neighbour, but after much misgiving they allow their children to accept her invitation to pick primroses. With this richly evocative scene (forerunner of how many more lovely scenes), the story opens, and Rebecca falls at once and helplessly under Mrs. Jardine's spell.

"Mrs. Jardine had so fine a respect for human life that she was able to bestow an entire, an objective, uncorrupted value upon every individual, even when her passions and prejudices might have made for most distortion. That was her grandeur."

Told to a Child.

This is the verdict of Rebecca's maturity. She tells, or rather, listens to, the story in the first person—her spoken remarks being suitable to her age, her mental comments and asides to the adult novelist which it was her ambition to become. She sees Mrs. Jardine simultaneously through the eyes of a child and of an adult; she sees her also through the eyes of the various older women who contribute their quota to the sources of Mrs. Jardine's ballad. It is easy to find fault with this method on the ground that Rebecca the child couldn't have had the thoughts of Rebecca the grown woman. A more serious criticism to me is that Rebecca's informants, being fairly responsible people, would hardly have assaulted her tender ears with such unedifying annals, nor would she have understood them if they had. Mrs. Jardine's past was sinful and stormy in the highest degree; suicide and madness followed in her wake; her nearest and dearest had fled from her like the plague; only her present husband, the pathetic Harry, stood by her, and he had taken to drink.

But personally I was quickly able to accept the conventions of Miss Lehmann's narrative and to find them not confusing or self-contradictory but enriching. Nor do I see how else she could have dramatised what is one of the main themes of this very complex book—the comparative value of vitality and morals. Mrs. Jardine lived for life, and its æsthetic, mental and sensual enjoyments; but apart from the vanity which made her want to see herself in the right, she had almost no moral sense at all. Nearly all her biographers, and Rebecca's parents, judge her; they see her career as an offence against morality. Rebecca quite simply loves her and cannot bear to hear her criticised; and it is through Rebecca that we see her, in the way she saw herself, as an object of love.

A Glorious Creation.

Presented in the round, snapped from every kind of angle, Mrs. Jardine is a glorious creation. Though she has personality enough for half a dozen, and though her faculty of self-dramatisation and self-deception gives her as many shapes as Proteus, in everything she says and does she remains triumphantly herself. Life-enriching, life-enhancing, treating even the subjugation of a small child as an end in itself, she was also a wicked, poisonous woman who spread ruin round her. She is a natural force, a Renaissance figure too large, perhaps, for our times.

The story is written, as befits its subject, at high tension and with a very large orchestra—an orchestra which can give the effect of volume without loudness. Miss Lehmann is capable of exquisite modulations and pianissimos, her thoughts and moods change colour constantly, and the softest note stands out. Mrs. Jardine carefully choosing two dahlias for Rebecca is just as audible as Mrs. Jardine plotting to kidnap her daughter. It is only in the final section that we become aware of noise. The mad scenes at the French riverside resort hold one's attention through their sheer horror and the brilliance with which they are told, but they strike one as being contrived, as having more force than emotion. We do not need further proof of Mrs. Jardine's balefulness, nor can we quite credit the sculptor's amorous attachment to her; while this horrifying close-up of the legendary Ianthe destroys the elusive, fantastic being that rumour had created.

The Fall of France.

There have been many novels about the fall of France, but "Simone" is quite different from any that I have read. It is different, too, from Mr. Lion Feuchtwanger's early historical romances, for they tended to be over-coloured and over-written, and this gets much of its effect from understatement.

Simone Planchard is the fifteen-year-old niece of a Burgundian garage-proprietor. She has already shown signs of independence by going into the town in slacks, to the fury of her aunt, for whom insubordination is the cardinal sin. She dislikes being at the garage, because one of the lorry drivers, Maurice, the Communist, makes offensive remarks to her; but his criticisms of Uncle Prosper and of capitalism in general sink in: she begins to realise that her uncle's patriotism is an uncertain quantity and that he is not likely to fulfil his promise and burn the garage when the Germans come. Studying the life of Joan of Arc, she feels a mystical kinship with her and a sense of obligation to strike a blow for France. Visions in which reality recedes and the circumstances of her own life take on a resemblance to St. Joan's, strengthen her resolution, and at last she acts. She steals the key of the garage and sets fire to it.

The result is not at all what one expected. Simone is not dragged before a German firing-squad after a gruelling interrogation from the Gestapo. On the contrary, her foes are those of her own household. Just as her French inquisitors laid traps for Joan, so Simone is tricked by her uncle into making a recantation. The Germans, she is told, are victimising the town because they believe the garage was fired from political motives; if she signs a document saying she did it to spite her aunt and uncle, no harm will come to her, the town will be forgiven, and her uncle will be able to carry on his business. So Simone signs—and is betrayed.

An Impressive Story.

One wonders what it is that makes this quiet story so impressive. It would have seemed impossible to make a success of elements so mixed and so disproportionate—the past mingling with the present, one of the most famous figures in history evoked to illustrate a novelist's idea, the real world continually fading into the dream world. What temptations to sentimentality and rant are here! But Mr. Feuchtwanger avoids them all, and he does not even capitalise anti-German feeling. His real anger is with the French Fascists and "the two hundred families" who, he thinks, betrayed their country. He is a partisan of the Left: the unmannerly Maurice is his hero. Yet we seldom feel that he is loading the dice. He believes in his story as an artist must, and he never lets his sympathy for the suffering Simone carry him away. One realises how unreasonable she seemed to her uncle: did she suppose that burning a single garage was going to stop the advance of the German Army? He makes almost everyone, even the wicked Marquis, reasonable according to their lights and express themselves reasonably. Simone is just a child who has not thought out the consequences of her action. But how telling her answers are, how touching and convincing her simplicity of mind, how noble and beautiful her nature. Had he exaggerated the importance of the little episode, and garnished it with atrocity stories, it would have lost the poignancy and distinction which, with the aid of the translator, it signally possesses.

M. RENÉ MASSIGLI, *the new French Ambassador to London, and* MME. MASSIGLI *were guests of honour at an Allied Officers' Welcome Committee reception held at the Dorchester last week. They are seen listening to an address by the chairman, Sir Jocelyn Lucas.*

Murder at a Fox Shoot.

Mr. Lorac has assembled an unusually interesting group of suspects in the Garth family, and the agricultural Lancastrian setting is much too well observed to be a mere background for the murder of tyrannical old Mr. Garth. The family and the dale farmers are a secretive lot, and impatient Superintendent Layng does not get much out of them. Even Inspector Macdonald, with his camaraderie and subtle methods of infiltration, is a long time piecing together what happened at the "hull" on the day of the fox shoot. (Some will think it less unsporting to have shot old Mr. Garth, but let that pass.) Marion the practical, and Malcolm the poet are well-drawn characters, worth watching for themselves as well as for their criminal possibilities. So that even if by a process of exhaustion one guesses the culprit, one will still find "Fell Murder" an absorbing tale.

Tough and Streamlined.

In "The Lady in the Lake" all is bewilderment and quick change, and anyone who spots the ultimate killer (I do not count the sentry, who was merely doing his duty) will be smart indeed. Mr. Raymond Chandler is an expert purveyor of the tough, streamlined American detective-story; his wisecracks snap and crackle like handcuffs or revolver-shots. Nearly everyone is very rude to everyone else; but Philip Marlowe, the private detective, certainly holds the palm for repartee. He has been engaged by a rich, rude business man to discover the whereabouts of the latter's wife; and the quest takes him to a lake with a lady in it: other corpses follow in due course. Why such a clever man as Marlowe should have followed the spider into her parlour I couldn't understand; it may have been magnificent, but was it detection? A disturbing atmosphere of horror hangs over this story; it is, I think, artificially induced, but none the less it makes one's flesh creep. The dialogue is superb of its class.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Ballad and the Source. By Rosamond Lehmann. (*Collins; 9s. 6d.*)
Simone. By Lion Feuchtwanger. (*Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.*)
Fell Murder. By E. R. C. Lorac. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
The Lady in the Lake. By Raymond Chandler. (*Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.*)

Pin-up Girl.
No. 13. Gene Tierney.

GENE TIERNEY, *who is here playing a big fish with quiet concentration, has just returned to the screen after a year's absence, to take the title-rôle in 20th Century-Fox's version of the best-selling mystery story, "Laura." In private life she is the wife of Count Lieut. Cleg Cassini, and has a brand-new baby daughter, Daria Cassini. Gene, who was born in 1920, has reddish-brown hair and green eyes. Her screen successes include "China Girl," "Heaven Can Wait," "Thunder Birds," "Rings On Her Fingers," and so forth.*

THE GOLD TOOTH.*

By. R. C. ALBAN.

MR. JOHNSON put down the little mirror with which he had been looking into the patient's mouth, walked over to the wash-basin and mechanically washed his hands for the thirty-second time that day. As he dried them on the damp towel, he forced his face to look genial and told his patient not to bite on the tooth for two hours. After the patient had gone, Mr. Johnson allowed his face to relax into its usual expression. It was a tired, rather pale, harassed face and it wore spectacles, behind which were a pair of disconcertingly steady eyes. It was the face of a hard-working, conscientious, but only moderately successful dentist, who for nearly thirty years had given his patients kind and sympathetic attention.

Mr. Johnson felt tired and his feet hurt him. They generally did just before tea, and he thought with pleasure of the next half-hour, when he would be resting them, drinking a cup of tea made by his nurse, Miss Twitter, and reading his picture-paper.

He always read the paper at teatime in his little office where he kept the card indices and the untidy letter-files. Miss Twitter had her tea there as well, but she always read a book from her circulating library, because she read the paper at lunch-time when Mr. Johnson was out.

Miss Twitter had been Mr. Johnson's nurse for over twenty years and knew what he was going to say before he said it, and what he was going to do before he did it. Why this knowledge did not drive her mad must remain for ever one of Nature's mysteries.

She was worried about Mr. Johnson. He was crowding too many patients into the day because so many younger dentists were in the Forces, and, consequently, was always rushed and on edge. He had read repeatedly in the newspaper that it was unpatriotic to go away for a holiday, so he did not go. He was very patriotic. He was not young, and he was in the Home Guard, and although the fresh air while on a Sunday manœuvre did him good—in fact, it was the only time he got any—it tired him exceedingly. Lately he had become rather forgetful and subject to sudden gusts of irritation which left him pale and angry with himself. In fact, as Miss Twitter remarked to the aunt with whom she lived: "Mr. Johnson was overdoing it."

Mr. Johnson sipped his tea. He liked it hot, sweet and weak. They did not speak, for they were hardly conscious of each other as individuals. They were a kind of Siamese twins of efficiency.

The ache in Mr. Johnson's feet was subsiding, and the stimulation of the hot tea made him feel better. He read carefully each paragraph of the news. One item caught his eye: it was headed "Escaping Nazi Kills Guard," and told how a German prisoner-of-war, while being moved to a special place of detention, killed one of his escort, wounded the other and escaped. Mr. Johnson noted with professional interest that the prisoner had a gold front tooth and was very blond, very strong and very dangerous. The military, the Home Guard and the police were searching for the fugitive.

"Curious how the Continental dentists place gold so freely in the front of the mouth," mused Mr. Johnson. "But then, it is not so conspicuous if the patient is very blond." He became immersed in the doings of his favourite strip-cartoon hero, whose adventures filled him with a vicarious sense of escape and excitement.

The front-door bell rang. Mr. Johnson sighed. That would be Mrs. Williams, who always said her nerves were bad. So were Mr. Johnson's after he had treated her for half an hour.

"Put her straight into the surgery," Mr. Johnson said. Miss Twitter did not answer, and in a few moments returned just as Mr. Johnson was getting into his white coat in preparation for the evening turmoil.

At 7.30 the last patient for the day had gone and Mr. Johnson was in his office entering the day's work in a large book. Miss Twitter was finally tidying the surgery and putting all the glittering instruments into their proper places.

The bell rang once more. "I can't see anyone else," called Mr. Johnson. After several minutes Miss Twitter came into the office to say that a man—"rather a nice-looking man," said Miss Twitter wistfully—wished to see Mr. Johnson very urgently, and although he was not in pain he would regard it as a great favour if Mr. Johnson could see him. By way of answer, Mr. Johnson picked up his large and heavy book and banged it down on the ink-well, thereby giving Miss Twitter a lot of extra work. Miss Twitter correctly inferred from this that, although Mr. Johnson did not wish to see the patient, his sense of duty was greater than the pain in his feet. She showed the man into the surgery and was shortly afterwards followed by an irritated Mr. Johnson.

"What is it?" he barked unprofessionally and ungraciously.

The patient explained that he had recently become engaged to be married, and was, in fact, to be married the following day, but his bride had taken a sudden and violent dislike to the appearance of a gold crown which had been fixed to one of his front teeth. Indeed, she positively refused to go either to church or registry office until it had been removed.

Mr. Johnson examined the gold tooth with active dislike, and concluded it was a mere gold shell fastened over an apparently sound tooth and would not take very long to remove. He paused for a moment and regarded the handsome head beside him. The patient, sensing his hesitation, with a note of urgency in his voice said that cost was of no importance, but that speed was essential.

This seemed to decide Mr. Johnson, and he murmured a few words to Miss Twitter about the instruments he would need. These had already been put out in anticipation, for she had seen him remove and replace several hundred crowns. She was surprised, therefore, when he added in a strained voice that she was to bring a large tin of plaster of Paris and a bowl of water, as she knew that generally these were not required.

However, the bowl and the plaster were fetched and Mr. Johnson began operations. First he carefully sifted plaster into the bowl of water and stirred it round and round until it was a thick cream.

Next he told the patient to open his mouth as widely as possible, and the gold tooth, the neighbouring teeth in both jaws and the whole opening of the mouth were covered with plaster.

"More water," said Mr. Johnson curtly.

Miss Twitter gave it to him and stared at her employer as he snatched it from her. His face was pale, and beads of perspiration were on his upper lip. His hands trembled. He mixed more plaster and heaped it over the patient's mouth and chin so that it projected like the filter of a gas-mask.

"Fetch the police!," suddenly shouted Mr. Johnson.

Miss Twitter started and gazed at him with horror and alarm. Had he gone mad? He certainly looked queer. What should she do?

Mr. Johnson's words had a remarkable effect on the patient, who up to that time had been exceedingly docile. He leapt up, sweeping Mr. Johnson and Miss Twitter out of his way, and rushed to the mirror over the mantelpiece. What he saw there seemed to infuriate him. He bounded over to the shrinking Mr. Johnson and shook him fiercely to and fro. From the strangled noises that came from behind the plaster, Mr. Johnson gathered that the patient was demanding the immediate removal of the material, but Mr. Johnson's only reply was a feeble shake of the head. This angered the patient still further, and crushing Mr. Johnson against the cabinet of instruments, which fell with a crash on to a glass table, he began to tear with futile fingers at the stony mass filling his mouth and covering his chin.

Miss Twitter, moving her horrified eyes with difficulty away from the scene, managed to open the door and stagger to the office, where she hysterically asked the telephone operator to send round the police and a doctor, as Mr. Johnson and a patient had both gone mad. She then sat on the floor in a daze, and consequently was only vaguely conscious of the crashes of glass and the thuds that came from the surgery as Mr. Johnson and his powerful patient were having their unequal fight.

Shortly afterwards heavy feet on the stairs announced the arrival of assistance, and after a short intensification of the crashes and bangs there was a period of quiet.

Miss Twitter, still sitting on the floor in the office, heard as in a dream the murmur of voices in the surgery and finally the heavy tread down the stairs.

She wondered what she ought to do. Go to the police-station? Ring up Mrs. Johnson? She was about to do this when she was frozen by an apparition which appeared at the office door: was it, could it be, neat Mr. Johnson? His face was cut, his lips were swollen, one eye was closed and his white coat was covered with drops of blood which dripped from his nose. He had, moreover, in some curious fashion, lost one of his shoes.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Johnson and Miss Twitter, drinking brandy which they both needed and which was usually kept for the special benefit of old ladies, sat in the office.

"Yes," Mr. Johnson was saying, "he was big and strong and very blond, and he had a gold central upper incisor which he was very anxious to have removed. I thought he *must* be the escaped German prisoner, but I must say I was a little worried in case he wasn't."

"Yes, I thought that was it," said Miss Twitter.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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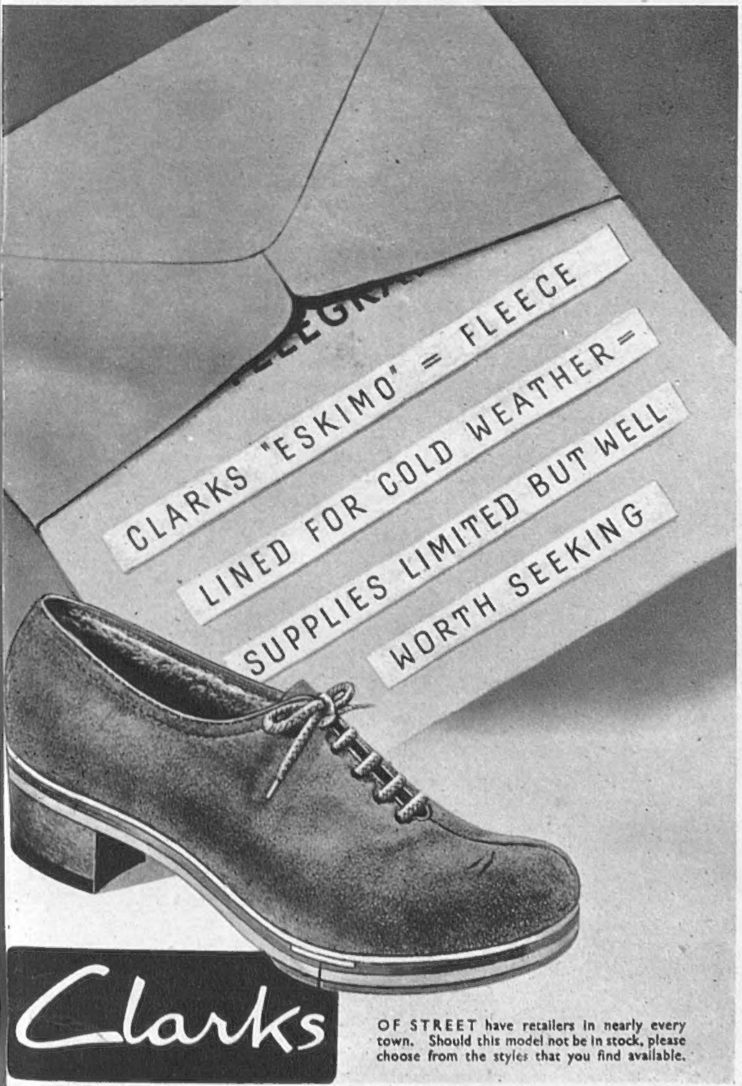

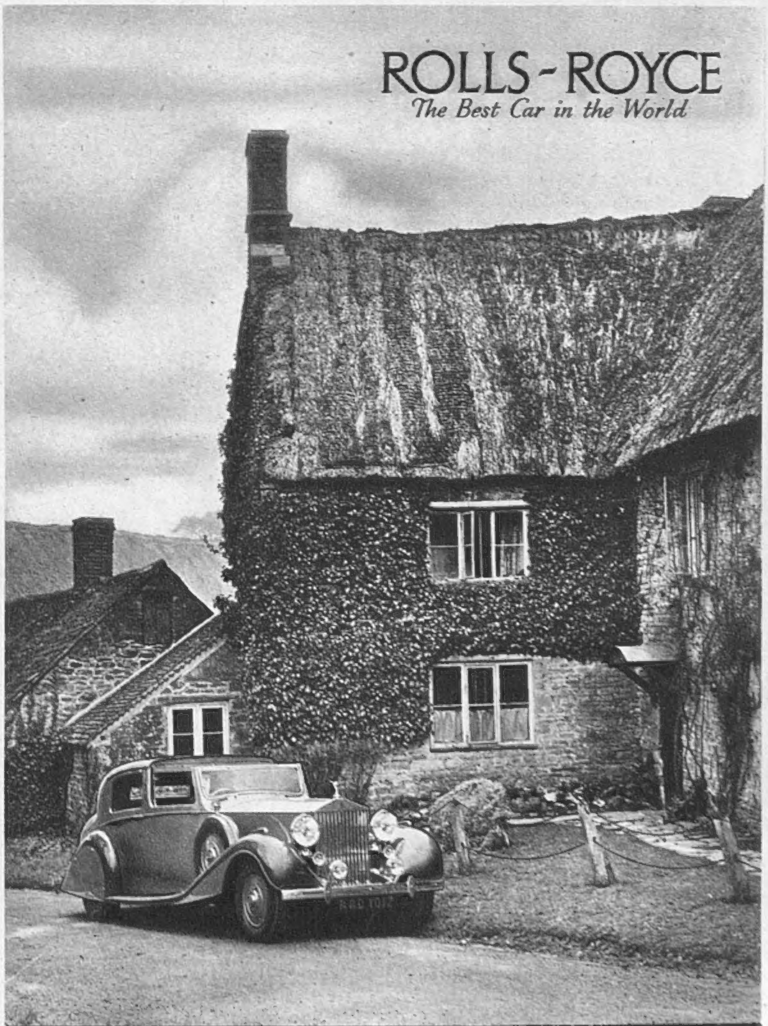

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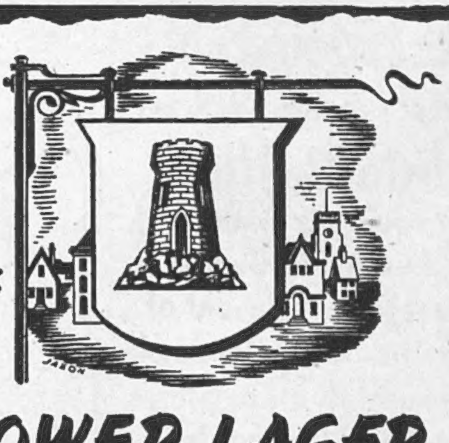

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